

Champ Clark's Letter.

The Anarchists and Czar Nicholas.
Boss Cox a Power in Ohio Politics.
The Oklahoma Case. Railway Mail Compensation.

(Special Washington Letter.)

So the anarchists have been playing the fool, as usual, by plotting to assassinate Czar Nicholas of Russia. Most assuredly anarchists are the most incorrigible idiots on earth. They are just as apt to kill a wise and humane ruler as a despot. What good could a sane man suppose would come of killing McKinley or the president of the French republic, King Humbert of Italy or Empress Elizabeth of Austria? These fools claim that their object is to do away with all government. They ought to have learned by this time of day that killing individual rulers has no tendency whatever to abolish government. In this country, for instance, there are eight men who may by law succeed to the presidency. If one of them were to die while in office, it would be a remarkable performance should the anarchists manage to kill him and all the eight presidents in office at one fell swoop. And suppose they did. What would happen? If congress were in session, it would pass an emergency measure instantaneously appointing somebody president pro tem, and till a special election could be called to elect a president. If congress were not in session, it would get itself together in five days and do the same thing, somebody acting on his own motion as president while congress was getting itself together. Of course there is no provision in the constitution or laws for the performances which I have mentioned, but the law of self preservation is the first law of nature. We would act on it, and everybody would acquiesce in the proceedings as necessary and proper.

In the case of crowned heads the assassination of the reigning sovereigns and their immediate successors does nothing for the abolition of government, for in almost every case there are scores of persons in being who may lawfully succeed to the throne. In Great Britain and Germany there must be hundreds, for the Brunswicks and Hohenzollerns are prolific folks. President Roosevelt cannot charge them with race suicide. Czar Nicholas also has numerous blood relations who are in the line of succession. He is not a great monarch, but he does his best according to his lights, which, it must be confessed, are somewhat dim and flickering. He is not cruel as czars go. He is a reformer so far as he knows how to be, and so far as he is permitted to be by circumstance and his advisers. So was his grandfather, Alexander II. He is known in history as "the liberator" because he freed the serfs. The nihilists murdered him at the very moment when he was about to sign a paper granting many new privileges to the Russian people. That paper was never signed, for he was succeeded by his gloomy, savage and tyrannical son, Alexander III, who was a reactionary of the most pronounced type. So by the death of a liberal czar the Russians fell out of the frying pan into the fire. So in all human probability it will be, to a certain extent at least, if they succeed in assassinating Nicholas. It's a great pity that all the anarchists on the face of the earth could not be rounded up and either hanged or imprisoned for life at hard labor. If the present gang could be utterly exterminated, it would be some considerable time before a new gang could be raised. It would be a good riddance.

The Buckeye Warwick.

These be perilous times, my masters—especially in Ohio, where men and things are sizzling hot. The view there is kaleidoscopic. Now you see it and now you don't. Six months ago it seemed that Senator Joseph Benson Foraker had the Ohio world in a sling. Then Taft took began to rise. Then it was up and tug between them. Then, when George B. Cox, the boss of Cincinnati and of the state, declared for his ancient enemy, Secretary Taft, the jig appeared to be up with Senator Foraker, but he kicked at being handed over bound hand and foot to his opponents. But Senator Foraker may kick as much as he pleases, and it will do him little good, for George B. Cox is the Buckeye Warwick. For years he has made and unmade United States senators, representatives in congress, governors, judges and minor officers. After the Republican rout in Ohio in 1895 Cox published a statement that he was out of politics for keeps. Nobody believed him then, and now he has openly resumed business at the old stand and aspires to be a president maker. Taft to tell, he helped considerably in sending McKinley to the White House. He was cheek by jowl with Marcus Alonzo Hanna in 1894 and again in 1899. Hanna is in his grave, but Cox is still in the land of the living, courageous, resourceful, ambitious and master of the Ohio situation. That Cox should throw the weight of his influence in favor of Taft, whose Akron speech in 1905 in denunciation of Cox and all his works, is one of the most extraordinary developments of the extraordinary era in which we live and is another illustration of the truth of the old saying that "politics makes strange bedfellows." That Cox should be a presidential Warwick should furnish lovers of the republic much food for reflection, for it must never be forgotten that the G. O. P. arrogates falsely to itself all intelligence, patriotism and civic righteousness, posing as

the chief apostle of purity and light. Though Foraker knows that Cox's latest pronouncement settles the presidential nomination, he is game, his blood is up, and he will probably fight on to the end tooth and nail and thereby give Taft and his adherents so much trouble in bagging the Buckeye delegation that they cannot do enough missionary work in other states to finally capture the presidential nomination for the secretary of war. "Sweet is revenge," which nobody since the death of Lord Byron understands better than does our Ohio politician. It will not be all smooth sailing for Secretary Taft of Ohio by any means. Senator Foraker possesses certain elements of strength from which he cannot be divorced. All men in politics are not tickle and deceitful. Foraker has a host of friends who will fight for him to the last ditch.

But this Foraker-Taft feud has wrought a dizzy mixup in Ohio politics. There is General-Senator Dick, for instance, whooping it up for Foraker to beat the band, not because he is so fond of Foraker, but because he is fond of his own senatorial toga. Last year circumstances forced him to fight in pairs, for the danger that then confronted one confronted the other, and they won out. Dick seems now to fear that if Foraker loses this fight he (Dick) may be forced to walk the plank, for Ohio is full of ambitious statesmen who aspire to the senate. Dick is a valuable ally, for he is the understudy of Senator Hanna and residuary legatee of his political estate. He is the head center of what is left of the old Hanna machine, and while one of the chief functions of that machine was to fight Foraker so long as Hanna lived, it is now at Foraker's command. Dick is chairman of the executive committee of the Republican state committee—a wheel within a wheel, imperium in imperio. He called a Republican meeting to boost Foraker. Finding out that the meeting was likely to boost Taft instead of Foraker he called it off, thereby making confusion worse confounded.

One result of the Foraker-Taft feud is that the Ohio Democrats are plucking up courage and are now figuring on electing a Democrat to succeed Foraker in the senate, a consummation devoutly to be wished. They have plenty of good senatorial timber.

The Case of Oklahoma.

President Roosevelt will act very unwisely if he yields to the advice of political buccanniers who are trying to keep Oklahoma out of the Union on almost any pretext. The American people love justice, and they know that a million brave pioneers are entitled to constitute a state. Under the above title the Washington Herald, an independent paper, recently published this vigorous editorial:

The grand old party must be hard up for something to do when its leaders conspire to prevent the admission of Oklahoma on the grounds so far alleged to justify opposition to the entry of that state into the Union. Starting discrepancies are made daily as to the shortcomings of the new constitution. It has not made sufficient provision for public education, it gerrymanders the state, and worse than all, it bears too hard on corporations.

These are ostensible objections. The real ones are even less plausible, but much more convincing from a party standpoint. They are that the new state appears to be hopelessly Democratic and that if a state government is set up, an army of federal employees would be of jobs. Behind the whole agitation against statehood stand corporate interests only too anxious to avoid the regulation and control which the provisions of the constitution seek to set up over them.

As to Railway Mail Pay.

Last winter Hon. Victor Murdock, Representative from the Wichita district of Kansas, started in energetically to reduce the pay for railway mail service. The old scheme was to weigh the mail for a certain number of days, the counting Sundays, to ascertain the total amount carried and then to divide that amount by the same number of days minus the Sundays to ascertain the daily amount on which to base the pay for the ensuing four years. That made the divisor six, while Murdock insisted that the divisor should be seven, which would make a vast difference in the pay annually. He spoke about it till he made everybody dizzy. Failing to induce congress to take his view, he got Postmaster General Cortelyou to issue an order to that effect. The following telegram recently printed in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat throws considerable light on the entire subject of railway mail compensation:

Chicago, May 12.—The recent action of Congress in cutting the rates on transcontinental mail to meet the competition and time of the Rock Island is having an important bearing upon the question of mail compensation generally.

It is said that the voluntary reduction

made by the Burlington in the rates is being seriously considered by the postmaster general in determining whether the total compensation received by the railroads shall be reduced between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 annually.

This fact became apparent, it is stated, last Wednesday, when a committee of prominent railroad men called upon the postmaster general with a petition asking him to rescind the order requiring the total tonnage carried over a mail route for one week to be divided by seven instead of by six in arriving at the average tonnage carried. Such a division as the postmaster general is insisting upon will reduce the mail compensation nearly 10 per cent.

The chairman of the committee which called upon the postmaster general was W. W. Baldwin, assistant to President Harris of the Burlington. It so happened that Baldwin was also the man who conveyed to the former postmaster general the proposition by the Burlington to cut its rates to meet the Rock Island competition. The postmaster general is said to have intimated that, in view of a voluntary reduction, it might be difficult for him to be convinced that the mail pay could not stand a general cut.

Watterson's Dark Horse.

Marse Henry Watterson's presidential dark horse is likely to become as much of a mystery as the Man in the Iron Mask if he does not reveal his identity before long. He should get up a guessing contest and charge 10 cents a guess, thereby replenishing his exchequer. It is now neck and neck between Marse Henry and Colonel John Temple Graves in creating sensations as to the presidential nominations.

There are not two more lovable or more frequent men in America than this same pair of great southern editors, but in this matter they seem to be taking an oratorical or editorial license which is closely akin to the traditional poetical license which bards in all ages and in all climes have arrogated to themselves.

Visiting Statesmen.

Some little while ago it was announced that Mr. Speaker Cannon had thrown aside the cares of statesmanship as a garment and would spend his vacation running a Danville bank while his son-in-law, the cashier, is in Europe. But Uncle Joe appears to be doing a good deal of visiting for a man who has charge of an important banking institution. Lately he called upon Mr. Vice President Fairbanks, whereupon certain quick-witted newspaper correspondents jumped to the conclusion that Uncle Joe had agreed to get out of the presidential field and throw his own strength to the tail Hossier, a report which caused the ambitious Illinoisian to use language too vigorous to print. The following dispatch is quite likely to make him "swear like our army in Flanders."

Albany, N. Y., May 15.—Speaker Joseph G. Cannon of the house of representatives called on Governor Hughes at the executive chamber today, and the two had a pleasant interview. Both afterward declared that their talk was of a general character.

Speaker Cannon deprecated in his conversation with the governor the idea of executive chamber today the talk took the form of a discussion of the presidential nomination. He told how he felt about it by giving a dog story as an illustration.

"Out on the Wabash," said the speaker, "we note that the dog that is always first to give tongue when the pack is let loose is the one less likely to tree a coon or other game. These dogs that are too quick to raise a commotion we term 'sneaky dogs.'"

The speaker was asked to give his impression that some times had got into the wheat and that people thought it a good thing to get some one to separate the wheat from the good grain, while they should continue to work in the wheat. Hughes was considered that Governor Hughes was secured for this purpose. The speaker said he had no doubt that Governor Hughes was performing his whole duty.

While the governor and the speaker were chatting at the big desk in the executive chamber Regent St. Clair McKelway and Senator John Rains were sitting in another part of the room, waiting an opportunity to see the governor. The recent turned to Senator Rains and said: "It would not be strange if we were looking at the next candidates for president and vice president, Cannon and Hughes."

"No," said the senator, "stranger things than that have happened."

Burton of Kansas. Ex-Senator Joseph Ralph Burton of Kansas is on a speaking tour in Kansas lambasting his enemies at a great rate. It is said that he is drawing large audiences. He is a good deal of an orator; consequently that report is by no means incredible. Moreover, many Kansans believe that Burton was prosecuted and convicted of a technical violation of the law not so much because he was in the way of certain politicians in Kansas and elsewhere. So, taken all in all, Burton is quite likely to be a thorn in the side of the Republican party of the Sunflower State for many moons.

So at last Robert Marion La Follette had his way in the matter of choosing his senatorial mate in lieu of Hon. John C. Spooner, resigned. Multitudinarian Stephenson, who has acted as La Follette's "angel" in money matters for years, captured the plum. One object in Spooner's sudden resignation was to throw the apple of discord into La Follette's camp, thereby certainly giving that pompous statesman much trouble, with the hope of giving him his conp de grace. That it gave him trouble, much of it, there is no doubt, but the result shows that he has not received his quibus.

In this practical age everything is being converted to the use of man. The Switzers have waked up to the fact that they have been overlooking and neglecting a ready-made fortune in their glaciers and are now converting them into commercial ice, which they can deliver in Paris at a cost of about a dollar and a half per ton.

BOWSER GETS MERRY

Tries a New Drink With Friend and Comes Home In Jolly Mood.

MRS. B. GROWS WRATHY.

Old Philosopher Talks In Zig Zag Fashion In Trying to Explain the Cause of His Unusual Behavior. Finally Falls Asleep on the Floor.

(Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.) Six o'clock had come the other evening and no Mr. Bowser. It is not once a week that he is a minute over his time, and Mrs. Bowser began to wonder. When fifteen minutes more had passed, she began to get anxious. At half past 6 even the family cat began to get restive, and the cook came upstairs to say:

"I heard a boom, boom awhile ago, ma'am. Do you think it could have been Mr. Bowser blowing up on a street car?"

She was told to keep the dinner warm, and Mrs. Bowser sat down on the front steps to wait and wait. If Mr. Bowser was going to be late he should have telephoned. He carried an identification ticket, and if he had met with any accident she ought to have

been notified before that hour. He had been throwing out mysterious hints of late as to the profits on keeping a thousand goats and making cheese, but he would hardly go to look over a flock after 6 o'clock. He had had something to say about balloons, but it did not seem reasonable that he would select the evening for making an ascension. When 7 o'clock had arrived the cook came up again to say:

"I know what's happened, ma'am, the same as if I had been there with both eyes wide open."

Cook Was Wise.

He has probably been detained on business. Some one came into the office just as he was ready to leave for home," said Mrs. Bowser. "It's weeping I am over his sad fate, ma'am. He was invited by some one to take a ride in one of them things called an auto. He jumped in. After a bit he wanted to do the steering himself. He took the wheel, and before they had gone a block that auto was trying to climb up the walls of a fourteen story building. I can shut my eyes and see it as plain as day. The reason they haven't sent you word is because he was smashed all to a jelly and they can't tell whether he's a bag of meal or a man. I knew it would come, ma'am. I've been telling you all along it would come."

Mrs. Bowser feared the worst, but wouldn't admit it, and as a reward Mr. Bowser bore in sight at 8 o'clock. He came along down from the car with an important air, and he waved his hand to her while yet half a block away. He was not only in good spirits, but he was a bit hilarious. This was further shown when he turned in at the gate. One of the ornaments of the front yard is a stone dog. He walked up to the dog and turned it on its back and slapped his leg in laughter.

"Mr. Bowser, what does this mean?" she demanded as he came up the steps. "Come in 'er house, and I'll tell you all about it," he said as he passed by. It was a cold, deadly fact that he was "sprung." His looks, his gait, his actions all showed it. It was the first time since he had joined the Gay Old Boys' club, months before.

"How dare you, sir—how dare you come home in this condition?" she asked as she followed him in and stood before him as he sat down in a rocking chair.

"Hole on, Mrs. Bowser—hole on a minute," he replied. "You speak 'bout my condition. Does it seem to you as if I had taken a glass too much?" "A barrel too much, Mr. Bowser. You are certainly intoxicated. Think of a man of your age and standing coming home in this condition!"

"All wrong, Mrs. Bowser—all wrong. No condition here, I am as sober as a judge on 'er bench. Sit down and let me tell you all about it. This right—sit down. Never like to see a lady stand up on a street car. Always willin' to give up my seat to her."

"Very well. Now, go ahead, sir, and explain matters."

Begins to Explain.

"It was this way, Mrs. Bowser. I was lookin' up office door to come home when Brown came along. You know Brown—man with cock eye and red hair. Brown's good feller—good feller. He borrows money of me and don't pay it back, but he's a good feller for all that."

"Never mind about Brown," said Mrs. Bowser. "I have to 'cause he's good feller, you know. Well, Brown says the governor is over to the Gay house and wants to see me—wants to see Samuel Bowser—wants to meet great man. Nothing wrong about that, eh? All 'er great men in 'er country like to meet me, don't they?"

"Go on," said Mrs. Bowser. "I didn't want to go. I'd rather come home and meet you. I know you'd worry if I didn't come home at six o'clock. Brown's a good feller, and the governor's good feller, but you are better feller. Shake hands, Mrs. Bowser."

"Never you mind about shaking hands. Did you go to see the governor?"

"Yesh. Had to do it. Brown said it would hurt his feelings if I didn't do it. Yesh, went to see 'er governor. You can't think how glad he was. Shaid he'd been wanting to see me for 400 years. Shook hands. Patted me on the back. Almost kissed me. Mighty good feller—mighty good feller."

"Well?"

"Well, we shut down. Mebbe I shut on governor's knee—maybe he shut on mine. We talked. Never talked sho much in my life. He told me funny stories, and I told him 'er same. Shaid, but you order heard us laughin'. Never laughed so much in a hundred years. Governor laughed just 'er shame."

"And was he also intoxicated?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Intoxicated? Whizzer mean? No-body was intoxicated. It was just hilarity. Do you think 'er governor of this great state would get intoxicated? Do you think Samuel Bowser, your husband, would get intoxicated? Shake hands wiz me, Mrs. Bowser, and tell me you don't think so."

"But you had something to drink?"

"Course we had. Can't go to see 'er governor and not have something to drink. After we first shook hands I asked him what he'd take. He should a glass of buttermilk wiz a clinder in it, and I said I'd take 'er shame."

"What do you mean by a clinder?"

"Umho. Zhat's what 'er boys call it. Makes you laugh. If your mother was dead and you drank glass of buttermilk wiz clinder in it, you'd laugh and kick up your heels. Thas all we had. Mrs. Bowser—buttermilk and clinders. Shake hands and tell me zhat you love me."

"Never! Mr. Bowser, you have disgraced us. Even the cat is ashamed of you."

"Don't talk zhat way, Mrs. Bowser—don't do it. Can't 'er feller go and see 'er governor without disgracing his wife and cat? Course he can. Shaid, you just order heard my speech. Governor wouldn't let me off w/out one. Shaid he was just dyin' to hear old Cicero. Zhat's what he called me—old Cicero. I am a shy man, Mrs. Bowser, but after awhile I stood up like zhis and held out my arm like zhis, and—"

And Mr. Bowser sat down on the floor and winked and blinked in an awfully way as Mrs. Bowser looked at him. After a couple of minutes he went on:

Offers His Hand.

"I stood up like zhis and made 'er speech. You arter heard zhat speech. It lasted an hour. It made 'er governor laugh, and it made him cry. It will all be in 'er papers in 'er morning, and I want to cut it out and paste it in a scrapbook. You could hear 'er governor laugh all over town, and when he cried the tears just rolled down his cheeks in streams. You ain't mad, are you? You feel proud of your husband, don't you? Mrs. Bowser, shake hands and tell me zhat you are proud of your husband."

Mrs. Bowser sat stiffly and hadn't a word to say.

"Then 'er gov'nor made a speech," resumed the man on the floor in a sleepy voice. "Yesh, he made speech, but nozzles like my speech. No laughin', no weepin'—just common speech 'bout 'er Panama canal. Then we kissed each other, and I came home to tell you all 'bout it—a-l-l 'bout it. Mrs. Bowser, shake hands and—shake hands and—"

And Mr. Bowser gradually stretched himself out on the floor and was lost in slumber.

"Has he perished, ma'am?" asked the cook in a whisper as she came upstairs.

"We will look up the house and turn out the gas and go to bed," was the reply.

And ten minutes later Mr. Bowser and "er gov'nor" and the cat and the whippersnappers and the summer breezes were left alone in the darkness.

M. QUAD.

Mercenary.

Tom—My heart beats for you. Miss Money Meow—I dare say; beats at so much purr.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Cost of It.

They were celebrating their engagement by dining at a swell cafe. "Do you believe," she queried as the conversation lagged, "that man is really made of dust?"

"Well," he rejoined, glancing at the dinner check, "he wouldn't be able to travel far in your company if he wasn't."—Chicago News.



HE WALKED UP TO THE DOG AND TURNED IT OVER ON ITS BACK.

been notified before that hour. He had been throwing out mysterious hints of late as to the profits on keeping a thousand goats and making cheese, but he would hardly go to look over a flock after 6 o'clock. He had had something to say about balloons, but it did not seem reasonable that he would select the evening for making an ascension. When 7 o'clock had arrived the cook came up again to say:

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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Watkins

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Burden We Would All Assume. Rich may be a burden, but few of us are willing to kick at a burden of that kind.

Sciatic Rheumatism Cured

L. Wagner, Wholesale Druggist, Richmond, Va., says: "I had a fearful attack of Sciatic Rheumatism, was laid up almost two months; was fortunate enough to get Myrtle Cure for Rheumatism. This cured me after doctor's prescriptions had failed to have any effect. I have also heard of fine results from others who have used it."

Sold by the Dumble Pharmacy, App. Ke. R. House.

ORDINANCE NO. 37.

To proceed with the improvement of Mary street from first alley north of Silver Street to south line of Silk Mill property.

Be it ordained by the Council of the City of Marion, State of Ohio:

Section 1. That it is hereby decided by the Council of the City of Marion, Ohio, three-fourths of all the members elected thereto concurring to proceed with the improvement of Mary street from first alley north of Silver Street to Silk Mill property in accordance with a resolution for that purpose passed on the 1st day of April, 1907, by said Council, and being known as Resolution No. 20; and in accordance with the plans, specifications, estimates and profiles heretofore approved and now on file in the office of the department of public service.

Sec. 2. That all claims for damages therefrom shall be judiciously inquired into before the commencement of the proposed improvement and the City Solicitor be and he is hereby authorized and directed to institute proceedings in a court of competent jurisdiction to inquire into such claims.

Sec. 3. That the whole cost of said improvement less one-fifth thereof, and the cost of interaction shall be assessed by the foot frontage upon all lots and lands bounding and abutting upon said improvement by:

Sec. 4. That the assessment so to be levied shall be paid in five annual installments with interest on deferred payments not to exceed six (6) per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, provided that the owner of any property may, at his option, pay such assessment or any number of installments thereof at any time after said assessment has been levied, with interest to the semi-annual interest date of said bonds next following the last payment.

Sec. 5. Bonds or notes of the City of Marion, Ohio, shall be issued in anticipation of the collection of the assessments by installments and in an amount equal thereto.

Sec. 6. That the remainder of the entire cost of said improvement shall be paid by the issuance of bonds in the manner provided by law.

Sec. 7. That said improvement shall be of first-class sewer pipe with the necessary catch-basins, manholes, etc., and the following materials may be bid upon therefor: First class sewer pipe.

Sec. 8. That the Board of Public Service be and are hereby authorized and directed to make and execute a contract for said improvement to the lowest and best bidder after the advertisement according to law.

Sec. 9. This ordinance shall be in force and take effect from and after the earliest period allowed by law.

Passed May 20, 1907.

S. R. RAUHAUSER, President of City Council.

Approved by the Mayor, Louis Schmitt.

Attest: William Fies, City Clerk.

Star 5-25-6-1-07. Mirror 5-8-15-07.

Pennsylvania LINES

SPECIAL LOW FARES

LOS ANGELES, June 10 to 14, account National Eclectic Medical Association.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION (Norfolk, Va.) daily until November 30. Choice of many desirable routes—rail or by ocean steamer; Potomac river and Chesapeake Bay steamboats. Stopovers at New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia.

SUMMER TOURIST FARES to famous resorts along Jersey coast in Long Island and New England, with New York and Philadelphia stop-overs. Also to Lake and Mountain resorts, and to Colorado and Pacific coast.

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 24 and 25, Master Plumbers' Convention.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., July 3 to 7, K. T. Conclave.

SPOKANE, June 27 to July 1, B. Y. P. U.

SEATTLE, WASH., June 29 to July 5, G. B.

PHILADELPHIA, July 12 to 16, B. P. O. E.—direct or via Washington, with stop-overs at Baltimore and Washington.

SEASHORE EXCURSION to Atlantic City, Cape May and eight other popular seaside resorts, August 8.

WINONA LAKE, IND.—Daily until September 30.

For full particulars consult G. M. KNAUER, Ticket Agent.

Excursion season opens as follows: On and after June 9th tickets will be on sale Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays for Cedar Point. On and after June 16th, Lake Side, Killy's Isle and Put-in-Bay. On and after June 3rd for Johnson's Isle.

The new train for Chicago Fort Wayne, Lima and Upper Sandusky leaves Marion at 12:49 p. m., arrive at Chicago 8:45 p. m., connecting with all points West.

Champ Clark